

# HANNIBAL JOURNAL

TERMS:---One Dollar, if paid In Advance; if not paid within Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; if not paid within Twelve Months, TWO DOLLARS.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED BY O. CLEMENS, ON HILL STREET, NEAR MAIN, A FEW DOORS WEST OF SELMES' BUILDINGS.

HANNIBAL, MO., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1853.

VOL. X--NO 52.

From the New York Tribune.  
HOT CORN.

About a week ago we published a little story under this title, detailing some of the sufferings which crime and misery bring upon the poor of this city, and hinted at the cause. That story is not yet finished. The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill-used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn, hot corn, here is your nice hot corn," came up through our open window, on the midnight air, while the rain came dripping down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantities to wet the thin single garment of the owner of that sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, and then ceased, and then we knew that exhausted nature slept; that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain; that an innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed and an iron post for a pillow; that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasms of the filthy-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malaria of our Southern coast, is death to the sleeper. Not soothed by a dreamy consciousness of hearing a mother's voice, tuning the soft lullaby of

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber," but starting like a sentinel upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept; shivering with night air, fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling like a culprit, to hear the hard words of a mother; yes, a mother; but, oh! what a mother! cursing her for not performing an impossibility; because exhausted nature slept; because her child had not made a profit which would have enabled her more freely to indulge in the soul and body-destroying wine of drunkenness, to which she had fallen from an estate when "my carriage" was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death-stricken, neglected street sufferer.

It was past midnight when she awoke, and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the rickety stairs which led to her home. We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the city poor.

Tired, worn with the daily toil--for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers--we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and the next, and still on we listened in vain--that voice was not there. True, the same hot-corn cry came floating upon the evening breeze across the park, or wormed its way from some cracked-fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager beer" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell. All over this great poverty-burdened and wicked waste extravagant city, at this season, that cry goes up, nightly proclaiming one of the habits of this late-supper-eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble-string was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence, in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spirit manifestations half as strong as some of the nincompoops of this world would have their long-carved listeners think, yet we do believe there is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after co-existing spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to inquire whether it was a spirit of "the first, third or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one go before--it was our only one--we knew no name--had no number, nor knew no one that knew whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would we know her from the hundreds just like her? Perhaps. It will cost nothing to inquire. We went down centre-street, with a light heart; we turned into Cross-street, with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water-st. and looked around inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, which way now? The answer was a far-off scream of despair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise of God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark! a step approaches, our unseen guide whispered, "ask him." It was a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over-work in young years, as his sunken face and almost phrenetic eye hurriedly--yes, as we see the flash of the lamp-light--he undertakes to sell meat from a roasted animal. In a word, freedom, properly defined, is not unbridled licentiousness; not the "license of doing whatever a man pleases, ready."

That man who has done more to "reform" that den of crime, the Five Points of New York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting, and Prison-punishing City, where misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than Prison bars. "Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for

I know there is an object, can I aid you?" "Perhaps, I don't know--a foolish whim--a little child--one of the miserable, with a drunk-mother."

"Come with me then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one, who will die before morning--a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now--but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save." We were soon threading a narrow alley where pestilence walked in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, "the fruits of our city excise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul; proven by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society and exemplary member of a Christian church, that came up out of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home."

The fetid odor of this filthy lane had been made more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rains, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel house. With the thermometer at 86 degrees, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth? Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas?

We groped our way along to the foot of an outside staircase, where our conductor paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see faints a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Great and unknown cause, hast thou brought us to her door?"

Our friend stared, but did not comprehend the expression.

"Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old and slippery."

"Be careful," said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, be careful while she is in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies. Oh, if I could see him once more--there--there--that is him--no, no, he did not speak that way to me; he did not curse and beat me." Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. "Will he come?" she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him."

We had reached the top of the stairs, and stood a moment at the open door where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death would sooner enter.

"Will he come?"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

"That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us."

"Come in," said our friend.

"Will he come?"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to-night," said her mother, in quite a lady-like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober, ever since she had been sick; "but she is quite delicious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come?"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through the dark places, he has come."

The little emaciated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes glanced around the room, peering through the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he mother? He is here. I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There, lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house--there, there--Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good--and little Sis, she waked up and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; haven't I been asleep a good while? I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipt me for it, but I could not help it. Oh dear, I feel sleepy now--I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread I thought you would not come. Good bye Sissee, good bye--Sissee--you will come--mother--don't--don't--any more--Mother--good bye--"

"Tis thou, dear earth," said the good man at our side--let us pray.

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There is in this City a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing. Faith without works work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes--such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and other's good. Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying hot corn, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocent slain by that remorseless tyrant rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud, "will he come?" and the answer will be "yes, yes, he is here."

Should the population of the United States progress for one century more as it has done for the past sixty years, and the Union continue, the number of its inhabitants would exceed 300,000,000.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1853.

We wish the editor of the "Courier" distinctly to understand that we are not to be bullied into changing the issue properly between us. It is not the Maine Liquor Law; and we won't be scared into saying it is. Let him stick to the point. A majority of the citizens of Hannibal do not want liquor sold in this city. The question is: Shall they say so? We mean, shall they speak the words with a meaning to them--in such a manner that their wishes will be obeyed. The Courier is a well wisher to the Temperance cause, and is great an advice. Your simply well wishers are the most useless people imaginable. They wish they themselves had a fortune: they wish everybody belonged to a church; they wish they belonged to a church themselves; they wish everybody would quit drinking; they wish they could quit themselves; they wish there were more plank roads; they would like to subscribe themselves if they were able; they wish the church they attend would build a better, or improve the one they have; they would like to help if they felt able; they wish all the liquor were out of the country, but they don't see how it is to be got out. Call the roll of society, and if there is only wishing to be done, your well wisher is present and as enthusiastic as anybody; if there is any acting to be done, he is absent. Now we have exactly defined the "position" of the Courier--a "well wisher."

The discussion of the Maine Liquor Law gave him a fine opportunity to expatiate upon the liberties of our "glorious democracy," and the safety of the heaven-created democracy, which, like patent medicine, is a sovereign remedy for every ill. By confining him to the point we have brought him down to a plain, simple common-sense question, and thus arrested the highfalutin' flights of his genius. Why was not all this fuss about a "Force Law" kicked up when the power to ordain it was given to our Council by the Missouri Legislature? The principle was the same then as now.

The attempt to use a power as old as the city brings upon those who advocate its use, such epithets as "extravagant, illiberal, exacting and ferocious;" "oblivious of common sense;" "deluders and deluded;" "ambitious and designing;" "weak;" "pigmies," etc., etc. The attack upon our motives may pass, as well as the comments on the course we have chosen to pursue. They, or any other personal matters are not points at issue. There is only one question before the people--Shall the majority have their desire, that no more liquor be sold in this city? Other questions relating to the city government will be as well attended to by the men put in office by the temperance men as any other set of officers that could be chosen. The general welfare in every respect will be considered by them in selecting their candidates.

A writer in the N. Y. Times, in speaking of the proposed Oceanic Telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

The Albany Transcript insinuates that "beauty fades so rapidly nowadays that if half the girls in the city were to wipe their faces on their handkerchiefs, all their good looks would go to the washerwoman."

As the congregation of the Methodist Church in Camden, N. J., were rising from the attitude of prayer on Sunday evening, it was noticed that one young lady remained on her knees. Those in her vicinity gently nudged her, but without effect, and a closer examination revealed the fact that she was a corpse.

The condition of the navy is beginning to attract some attention. The British have a fleet of vessels and 226 guns, for the protection of the Fisheries, and the Americans 31 guns. Sir George Seymour, in the Cumberland, 70 guns, has the command of the British forces, and Commodore Shubrick, in the Princeton, of the American forces.

Foreign News.  
The Europa has arrived at Halifax. There is little news of importance.

Lord John Russell stated that the negotiations with the United States respecting the Mosquito Territory were still pending, but hoped they would reach a satisfactory termination before next session. Parliament was to adjourn on the 20th.

Lieut. Maury lectured at Lloyds, to a large company of merchants; resolutions complimentary to the U. S. States Government and to Lieut. Maury were passed.

The Frenchman who was tried on a charge of offering to assassinate Napoleon, was acquitted.

The Peru Murderer--Cooly, who murdered three men in Peru on Wednesday week, has been arrested in Marshall county, and is now confined in the Ottawa jail.

The leading professional and amateur musicians of St. Louis have arranged to give a concert this week, for the relief of the suffering in New Orleans.

There are no hands upon the clock of eternity; there is no shadow upon its dial. The very hours of heaven will be measured by the sunshine--not by the shadow.

From California.  
We extract the following items from the St. Louis Intelligencer of the 31st.

The accounts, commercial and otherwise, from San Francisco, brought by the Northern Light, are quite encouraging. Money was easily obtained at reduced rates.

Speculators were busy operating in flour, which had risen from \$16 to \$22 for prime brands.

The mechanical interests are represented as in a high degree of prosperity at San Francisco, and manufactures in iron and other articles are springing up in various parts of the city.

The accounts from the mining districts were very good, and the yield of gold for the next six months bids fair to exceed that of the past half year.

The moral condition of San Francisco was improving--the gaming houses were diminishing rapidly.

Society in California is now blessed with the presence of women, who are now flocking to its shores in great numbers.

It was reported that the notorious Joaquin and one of his gang were killed and two taken prisoners, by a company of Rangers, commanded by Capt. Love, at Panocha Pass, after a desperate running fight.

Gov. Bigler has taken the stump for re-election. His opponent (Waldo) is also active.

The sum collected in St. Louis for the New Orleans sick is about \$5,547. All but \$400 has been remitted, and that will be sent as soon as opportunity offers.

Edmund Marcy, son of the Secretary of State, died on the sloop-of-war Preble, on his way to the Azores. He was 23 years of age, and had been for some time affected with a pulmonary complaint.

Millenism--The Millerites have been holding a "three days' meeting" here the past week. They now set the day of the destruction of the world at May 19th, 1854. They say there is no mistake about it this time.

The Friends of the administration in New York, it is said, have raised a fund amounting to sixty thousand dollars, for the purpose of establishing another Democratic paper in New York city, and Mr. John W. Forsyth, now clerk of the House, is engaged to edit it.

Professor P. Bache, of Harvard College, died at Boston Monday week.

The Episcopal Convention for Iowa, which met at Muscatine on the 17th inst., adjourned after a very pleasant and harmonious session of two days. It was resolved to constitute that State a diocese, and a constitution and canons were adopted for its government. The election of a Bishop was deferred for the present, and Bishop Kemper was invited to continue the discharge of his Episcopal duties until a Bishop should be chosen. The next Convention is to be held in Davenport in May, 1854.--News.

Another Railroad Collision--BUFFALO, August 23, 1853.--A collision occurred on the Sandusky, Cincinnati and Mad River railroad yesterday. When the up express train from Cincinnati arrived at Oregon, it had to pass another train of cars switched off the road; through the carelessness of the tender the switch had not been replaced; the express train, therefore, ran off the track on to the switch, coming violently in contact with the other train, and badly mangled six cars. Wonderful to relate, no lives were lost, but several passengers were hurt; among them one man had a leg broken. One car was cut completely in two, and the passengers were thrown on each side; their escape was most miraculous. The train was delayed six hours.

A young lady of New York, named Gilmour, was killed by lightning on Saturday last, in the village of Canterbury. According to the Tribune, she was standing under the telegraph-wire which crosses the lawn in front of Mrs. Cunningham's house where she was boarding. The wire hangs within some ten feet of the ground; there was a rain at the time, though the storm was raging at a distance; the lightning, it is supposed, struck the wire more than a mile distant, followed its course, shattering all the posts, some to splinters, and a portion of the current was diverted so as to kill the deceased. The ravages of the lightning on the posts were visible for a long distance beyond the spot where the fatality occurred. Several persons were stunned and prostrated, but not seriously injured. The storm came up violently afterwards.

From the mass of recent California intelligence we gather the following items of interest:

A decision was rendered that will attract attention and create some surprise in the Atlantic States. The court decided that the mines of gold and other precious metals of California are the exclusive property of this State; that the United States have no interest in them, and cannot exercise jurisdiction over them. The decision does not include the lands containing the minerals, but only the minerals themselves. If this opinion of the Court becomes established as law, which we think it will not, it will prove of immense advantage to the State; by making the mines a source of State revenue, which they never can be so long as they are recognized as the property of the General Government.

Joaquin Captured--Behold, and his head in the hands of his Oaptors!--It has been reported here that the Company of Rangers, commanded by Captain Harry Love, met with the notorious murderer and robber, Joaquin, and six of his equally infamous band, at Panocha Pass, and after a desperate running fight, Joaquin and one of his gang were killed and two taken prisoners; three managed to make their escape, but one of their horses was killed and several captured. Captain Love is now on his way down with his prisoners, and the head of Joaquin preserved in spirits. One of Love's Company was seriously injured. In haste yours, Quartzburg, July 27, 1853. T. A. C.

Cotton mattresses are now made in New York. They are said to be superior to the moss, curl hair, or husk mattresses. The cotton filling is prepared by a patent process.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1853.

The Epidemic.

The dates from New Orleans in the St. Louis Intelligencer are to the evening of the 22d. Deaths on the 21st, by yellow fever, 230; 22d, 239.

The Picayune publishes an account of the mortality in one family, that of Mr. D. Wolf, who has resided in the city for some years, by which it appears that he had but recently brought his family out from Germany, one sister, however, having been with him for some years. All except himself were attacked with the yellow fever, and his father, mother, two of his sisters, and his nephew all died. The sister, who had been some years in the city, recovered, but returned to life to find that those she loved were occupants of the grave. All knowledge of their death and burial had been kept from her.

In Mobile there were nine interments for the 24 hours ending at 6, p. m., 20th--four of yellow fever.

In Natchez the fever was increasing at last dates, there being an average of five deaths daily.

The Memphis Whig of the 26th says the city "is unusually healthy, without any signs of contagion or epidemic."

The Vigilance Committee of Montreal have arrested the Mayor of the city, Hon. Chas. Wilson, for murder, on the 9th of June, during the Gavazzi riot. He was held to bail in the sum of \$8,000, to answer the Criminal Court of the Queen's Bench.

Three more rioters of the 9th of June have been arrested.

Ex-Gov. John W. Dana, of Maine, has been appointed Charge to Bolivia.

The number of hands at work on the Pacific Railroad, between Franklin and Jefferson City, is reckoned at 1,500. The work is said to be progressing rapidly.

Loss of AMERICAN DESPATCHES.--It is stated in the Friend of China, that Dr. Parker, Secretary of the United States Legation, was a passenger in the steamer Lauriston, which was lost on the north-east end of the Island of Formosa last May. Dr. Parker had in charge the official despatches for the American Government, which were all lost. His Private Secretary, a person of great learning and research, was drowned in attempting to land, and thirty-two of the crew were also lost. The European passengers were all saved.

MURDER.--The Kingston (Canada) News of the 18th ult. says: "One of the most diabolical murders that ever was perpetrated in this section of the country, was committed last night by a man calling himself P. F. Beardsley, from the State of Ohio, but travelling with the circus, under the name of Red Rover, on a man named James McAleer. He was stabbed to the heart with a dagger."

The Arab ship Faze Kereem, on her passage from Aden to Bombay, with the Bombay portion of the Indian mail, which left London on the 24th June, foundered at sea, 20 miles from Aden. The mails were lost, and 170 out of 190 Arabs and Lascars, who were on board, were drowned. Mr. Nankins, the mail agent, also perished.

Professor Neumann, of Munich, a distinguished scholar of Oriental literature, announces in the London papers that he has just received from Interpreter Meadows, who was a pupil of his, copies of the religious, political and statistical tracts of the Chinese dynasty. The religion therein inculcated, he says, is certainly Protestant Christianity, but mixed with some heathenish customs and prejudices. Professor Neumann will issue, as soon as possible, an English translation of these works. They consist of ten different books.

The product of the Victoria gold fields, at last accounts, was increasing. There was great destitution among the newly arrived emigrants at Melbourne. Rents and prices were extravagantly high. Price of gold at Sydney 76s. per ounce.

The London Morning Herald states that it is in contemplation to fit out another Admiralty expedition to explore the source of the Niger, with a view of promoting civilization in Africa, and opening up new sources of commerce.

A letter received at Marseilles from Mogador, in Morocco, announces that the Emperor and his son had gained a complete victory over the Kabyles. It was dearly purchased with the loss of 500 of the Emperor's best troops. The loss of the Kabyles was still greater.

STEAMER LOST.--The Arabia brings accounts of the total wreck of the steamer Monumental City, on her passage from Fort Philip to Sidney, on the 13th of May, with a reported loss of some thirty lives. She sailed not long since from San Francisco, and belonged to Messrs. Robert Garrett & Sons, of Baltimore. She was valued at \$100,000; but was only insured for \$50,000.

Accounts from Buenos Ayres state that the city was still besieged by land, but great dissatisfaction existed in the camp of the besiegers.

A destructive fire occurred in New York on the night of the 23d ult. It broke out in the "Pearl Street House," and communicated to an adjoining building. One of the members of an engine company was struck upon the head by some of the falling walls, and his skull fractured. There was about two hundred guests in the hotel, nearly all of whom lost all their baggage.

Here is a clergyman's opinion of newspapers. Rev. Dr. Daniel Baker, of Texas, says he has traveled through a great many States, mixed with the people, conversed at the country fireside, and preached in the open forest as well as in the thronged city. Where he found newspapers he found intelligence, people whom he could talk or listen to with pleasure, and among whom his good work prospered. As a general thing, where a newspaper was not taken, he could tell in the slovenliness of the household, the ignorance of the children, and the difference in civilization between those who do not that traveler in the country will be pleased and entertained by the one, while he will despise the other, without knowing the cause to which the difference is attributable.

The St. Louis Democrat says: "The counting in the Sub-Treasury department in this city was finished yesterday. The specie on hand exceeds by a fraction \$1,100,000. So an officer engaged in the counting reports to us."

The Paris Mercury says there are to be no more dram shops licensed in Fulton, a majority of the citizens of that place having remonstrated against it.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company refuse to transport liquors on their road. Several attempts have been made to impose upon the officers by means of false labels and novel means of conveyance, but they have generally been detected.

FLOGGED.--A scene transpired in this city this forenoon, that is all the talk. A married lady, of respectable character, had been insulted by a person who wears pants. The knowledge of this insult coming to the ears of the husband and another relative, it was agreed to take summary vengeance on the delinquent. The lady was armed with a raw-hide, and the parties went to the place where the guilty one was doing his business. The husband and the relative then seized and held him, and the lady administered a severe cow-hiding. The affair was witnessed by a large company. It is the latest application of the woman's rights, and won't be very popular with that class of delinquents. But the people said amen. (Columbia State Journal.)

FOUR RIGOLERS.--This is the name of the new fort on the Minnesota River, which, under the superintendence of Capt. N. J. T. Dana, is now progressing finely. The captain understands how to push things ahead, and his having been selected to direct this important work shows that his energy is duly appreciated. Fort Ridgely is in a pleasant location, and will no doubt become a favorite station with the officers of the army. For a dragon station, it will be much more pleasant than any other location within the territory. (Pioneer.)

On Saturday night, John Hanlon, a resident of New York, while laboring under delirium tremens, caused by liquor, seized an axe, and raised it for the purpose of striking his wife, when he himself fell down dead upon the floor.

A company of Troy, N. Y., have just got up, for the Hudson River Railroad, a cut about 45 long, and nine and a half wide, the whole cut up in state-rooms of eight feet square. Each room is calculated for one party or family, and is furnished with one sofa, four chairs, a looking glass, and a small mahogany control table. The panels are painted in landscape, the ceiling hung with silk, and the floor covered with tapestry carpet. The rooms are entered from a passage way on the side, and the whole admirably lighted and ventilated. In the rear part of the car is a wash-room; in the rear a snug little nook for the use and convenience of a chambermaid. This car is intended as an experiment. Should it meet with a patronage worthy of its comforts, Mr. French intends to have twenty more immediately constructed. (News.)

EDWARD BOYLE,  
Boiler Maker and Sheet Iron Worker,  
Main street, between Cherry and Carr,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAVING gone in a very great expense to erect MACHINERY for making Boilers on the Western plan, I am now prepared to furnish every variety of Boiler on per centum cheaper than any other Establishment in the Western country. All who are in want of Boilers will find it to their interest to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Always on hand a variety of second-hand BOILERS, Sheet Iron Work and repeating shops at the shortest notice. Ask work warranted.

Land and City Property for Sale.  
The subscriber offers for sale the following described valuable land, to wit:  
1st. The tract on which I now live, situated five miles south-west of Hannibal, between the river and black road, containing 100 acres, more or less. There are, on the premises, a large frame house, containing 7 rooms, 1 passage, 1 porch 33 feet long, 2 cellars, a good kitchen, meat house, granary and tool house, spring and well house, and grist mill. Also, a large barn, with stabling sufficient for 30 horses, with a wagon shed. There is at the end of the dwelling a first rate outhouse, 23 feet deep, 31 feet in circumference, perfectly tight. Also, in the house lot, a well of never failing water. There are about 80 acres cleared, 20 of which are in meadow, the balance first rate timber; also, a choice young orchard of 27 species (peaches, pears, plums, damsons, cherries and grapes). It is situated near Unionville church, and in the midst of a good neighborhood, and one of the most desirable farms of its size near Hannibal.

2nd. A tract of 40 acres, 4 miles from Hannibal, all under fence, one-half cleared, the balance first-rate timber, with never failing running water, well adapted to growing of fruit growing.

3d. A tract of 60 acres, 4 miles from Hannibal, 50 under fence, 17 cleared, 20 of which is well set in clover, 45 acres of valuable timber. This land is rolling, but well adapted to clover, wheat or fruit growing.

4th. 50 acres of first rate, timbered land, 2 1/2 miles from Hannibal, of easy access, as a country road runs through it. A lot or parcel of ground in the city of Hannibal, fronting 87 feet on Market street, running back some 2 lots situated near the public square.

Any or all of the above lands are offered for sale low. Payment made to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. Apply to JOHN A. LOCKWOOD, of the firm of Curtis & Lockwood, who will show the above property and make known the terms. August 31st, 1853. J. A. L.

LOST! LOST!!  
A small Pearl Handle Pen-Knife--one blade out. The finder will receive a favor by leaving it at this office or William McDonnell's.